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*A. C. M.*  
**Truthfulness**

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**in Expression**

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**A Lecture**

BY

**A. C. MOUNTEER, B.E.**

*Lecturer in Elocution in Knox College and Ontario School  
of Pedagogy, Toronto.*

ALSO

**SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICE**

**Designed Especially for the Use of Students who Seek to Develop  
Greater Effectiveness in the Expression of Good  
Literature.**

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**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**  
**WESLEY BUILDINGS, 29 to 33 RICHMOND ST. WEST,**  
**TORONTO, ONT.**

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THIS little pamphlet is intended especially for the use of my students in Knox College, Ontario School of Pedagogy, and Victoria University. I have been assured by many clergymen and others who have heard the lecture on "Truthfulness in Expression," that the lesson therein taught has come to them with much force, enabling them to detect formality in portions of public religious service in which, previously, they had no suspicion of its existence. At the request of several ministers, the lecture has already appeared in the *Methodist Review* for November, 1894. The inherent force and suggestiveness of the fundamental truth, which has been so <sup>fully</sup> ~~fully~~ presented in this lecture, will, I trust, lead many earnest and thoughtful readers to experience the benefits which obedience to a natural law ensures.

The accompanying selections have been chosen with a view to providing variety in the expression of good literature. Scarcely more than one selection has been taken from any one book, and at least some of them have not been easily obtained. I believe each selection to be a gem of its kind, the assimilation of which must greatly develop the reader's powers of expression.

A. C. M.

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# TRUTHFULNESS IN EXPRESSION.

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## PART I.

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### PERSONALITY REVEALED THROUGH ART.

It is Browning who has said that "Art remains the one way possible of telling the truth." By this, I presume, the author means, when a man is most true to himself he is most consistent with the fundamental principles of art. He cannot be inconsistent with these principles and remain true to himself.

All art is but the unfolding of personality; a revealing to others what the artist is, or has assimilated.

### EXPRESSION THE MOST PERSONAL OF ARTS.

If this is true of art in general it is, in a very particular sense, true of the art of expression. "The tongue of the sincere is rooted in his heart," said an East Indian philosopher many centuries ago. In this beautiful and suggestive figure is contained a truth which has served as the foundation-stone of the art of expression during all the ages of its evolution, and will be the key-note of effective delivery in all future time.

### MAN A TRINITY.

Subjectively considered, man is a trinity: *i.e.*, an intellectual, emotional and volitional being; in other words, man subjectively *thinks, feels and wills*.

### POWERS INTERDEPENDENT.

These powers are interdependent; there cannot be any perfect action of one without the co-operation of the other two. Hence, in becoming completely possessed of a thought, all of these powers are inevitably exercised.

### MEANS OF EXPRESSION A TRINITY.

Nature, always consistent, has provided for this three-fold subjective nature a corresponding *trinity of means* for unfolding or manifesting that nature. Thus, we have the three languages or means of expression common to all men, *viz.*: The *verbal, vocal and pantomimic languages*. The verbal is the *word* language, or expression by means of words; the vocal is the *voice* language, or expression by means of voice, *i.e., significant voice modulations*; the pantomimic is the *visible* language, or expression by means of gesture or pantomime. The pantomimic language includes all that part of expression which is *seen*, while the vocal includes all that is *heard*.

### LANGUAGES INTERDEPENDENT.

As the three subjective powers are interdependent, so also are the three languages. Hence, there cannot be any adequate unfolding of personality, or expression of thought, without the harmonious exercise of all three factors in this trinity of means.

### FUNCTIONS OF THE LANGUAGES.

Upon a closer study of these languages in their relations to man's subjective nature we find that the verbal is primarily the language of the intellect, the activities of which are conscious and consciously expressed. Also that the vocal and pantomimic are more closely allied to the emotional and volitional natures, the activities of which are, in a large measure, unconscious and unconsciously expressed. In other words, their office is primarily to reveal the feelings and impulses of the man. They are the languages of *experience*, by means of which every normal being unconsciously reveals *himself*. They are the *natural* languages which are in no sense acquired, the infant of days being quite as effective in their use as the ripest scholar. Whereas the verbal is an *acquired* language. Other things being equal, he is most skilful in its use whose intellectual nature is most highly developed.

### LANGUAGES EXPRESSIVE, NOT DECORATIVE.

We should, however, not forget that all of these languages are *means of expression*. Hence they are primarily expressive,



not decorative. Each of these is language only so far as it performs the function of a language; *i.e.*, only so far as it reveals that which is its subjective cause. That cannot be called a language which consists merely in verbal, vocal or pantomimic display. There may be marvellous fluency of words and beauty of rhetoric, grandeur of voice, and grace of movement; but if the present thought, feeling and volition of the speaker are not thereby revealed, he has employed none of these languages; and that which we hear or see, though perhaps producing more agreeable *sensations*, is as meaningless as the clatter of a woollen mill which deafens us with its din.

#### UNANIMITY EXPECTED.

Having, therefore, this three-fold subjective nature and these three languages, or means of revealing that nature, and recognizing, as we intuitively do, the interdependence which exists, not only among the subjective powers, but also their objective means of expression, it is not strange that we naturally look for evidences of the co-operation of all three subjective powers as revealed through the three corresponding languages. In other words, there is implanted within every one of us a conviction, more or less definite, that if the person speaking does not unanimously adopt his own statements by giving them the active support of all parts of his being, he does not mean what he says, and consequently he is untruthful. On the other hand, if every part of the man unmistakably endorses the statements made, we are then and there convinced of his truthfulness. We are not wholly satisfied with even a majority vote on the part of the speaker. Nothing short of *unanimity*, or the whole man speaking, can awaken perfect confidence in him.

#### NEUTRALITY IMPOSSIBLE.

So fundamental are these truths that in every-day life the employment of the verbal language *alone* leads others, not merely to question the statements of the speaker, but in many cases to flatly contradict them. Indeed, the man has contradicted himself; for no matter how consistent in his verbal statements he has not been consistent with himself. He has



given only a minority vote in favor of those statements; for the two unused factors in man's subjective nature, as well as the two corresponding inactive languages, *do not remain neutral*. They must either endorse or dispute the intellectual nature and verbal language. There are no "nominal" or "honorary" members in man's subjective or objective make-up. All are ordained by their unerring organizer to be *active*. The verbal language cannot say to the vocal: "I have no need of you;" nor the verbal and the vocal together to the pantomimic, "We have no need of you." But rather must the verbal say to the other languages: "Your silence, instead of giving consent, furnishes the most conclusive refutation of my testimony." The vocal and pantomimic languages are, by a fundamental law of our being, the direct means of revealing the subtle experiences of the soul. These experiences, when revealed, will either substantiate or contradict that which is verbally stated. If no experience is revealed—i.e., if these natural languages are not employed—we have a perfect right to conclude that there is no experience to reveal. Hence the man is insincere. He has given only a minority vote in favor of those statements; and what right has he to expect others to believe him when he has failed to endorse himself? Who does not question that man's honesty who furnishes no other evidences of this than his own verbal statements to that effect? Who has confidence in the virtue of a woman if she but verbally proclaims it? The divinely-endorsed verdict of all mankind is: He who would be *thought* honest by his fellows must *be honest*; she who would be *reputed* virtuous must *be virtuous*. And never have these qualities or any other admirable qualities been truly possessed by a person who has failed to convince others that he possesses them. So long as we are what we would seem to be, so long will we give unmistakable and irrefutable evidences of this through the unconscious revelations of the natural languages which God has ordained should reveal the soul.

#### TESTIMONY OF NATURAL LANGUAGES BELIEVED.

Moreover, in this contradiction or non-endorsation of the verbal language by the natural languages, it is not a question

of which language shall we believe? As much credence being given to the testimony of the verbal as to that of either of the others. By a fundamental law of our being we are compelled to believe those languages *which directly reveal experience, and only those*. This we invariably do in every-day life; and the right understanding of the source of these languages but leads us to still more unhesitatingly accept their spontaneous revelations. Where is there a judge who does not study the "*manner*" of the witness in court, as well as consider his verbal statements? If the latter is contradicted by the former, which testimony will he in his inmost soul accept? Has he any choice in the matter? As a creature, governed by mental, moral and physical laws which are inherent in himself, and which are certainly more authoritative and inexorable than any man-made civil law he seeks to enforce, he is compelled to believe the *manner* of the witness and his verbal statements only so far as they are consistent therewith. To be sure, he may outwardly accept the latter and reject the former; but so long as he retains possession of his intuitive nature, so long will he have the inevitable conviction that the revelations of the former were true and the testimony of the latter false. We have an absolute right to disbelieve and no right whatever to believe any verbal statements which the languages of experience do not substantiate. That man whose verbal statements are unmistakably endorsed by these languages, has not only a moral but a *divine right to be believed*. Such a man is believed, for he has done that which consistent nature demands—he has given those statements the unanimous support of all parts of his being; he has been in the highest, fullest, and only true sense, truthful.

#### QUESTIONS ASKED AND ANSWERED.

In giving the substance of this article from the platform I have almost invariably been asked questions like the following: "Is it not a fact that these natural languages, or languages of experience, as you call them, are employed by the cleverest rogues in the country for the perpetration of all kinds of fraud? If so, of what practical value is your teaching?"

How shall we know the true when almost every day we hear and see so much that is false?" Let me answer your questions, partially at least, by asking others. "Does the counterfeiting of specie furnish any denial of the value of the genuine? Is it not rather the rogue's endorsation of such value? Does the fact that there are hypocrites in the church, or out of it, contradict the value of genuine piety or honesty? Is not hypocrisy, rather, wherever found, an endorsation of the value of such things?" It is because there is this universal belief in the testimony of the natural languages, and universal doubt in that of the verbal when used alone, that so many counterfeits of the former have been attempted. Again, "Is not the '*false ring*' of the counterfeit coin most easily detected by those best acquainted with the '*true ring*' of the genuine?" You learned to read the verbal language by studying it. Shall you expect to read the subtle, unrecordable phenomena of these languages of experience without studying them? How can you hope to detect the "*false ring*" in the vocal and pantomimic gush of our most plausible rogues unless you have already acquainted yourself with the "*true ring*" of the genuine vocal and pantomimic languages? So long as the Scripture—"By their fruits ye shall know them"—remains true, so long shall we have the power, active or inert, developed or undeveloped, to intelligently read the infallible phenomena of these languages of experience.

#### NATURE'S SAFEGUARD AGAINST FRAUD.

What a wise provision this is on the part of the great Omniscient Author of our being! For how easy would be the practice of deception and fraud if in nature there were but one language, and that the language of the intellect! Thank God! the *soul*, or *man as he is*, has not been left without any means of manifestation! And no matter how cunningly contrived and apparently consistent any series of false verbal statements may be, some time or other, in an unguarded moment, through the unconscious contradiction of the verbal language by the natural languages, the exposure of their falseness is inevitable.

## THE UNIVERSAL TEST.

If this is true of man in his common-place, every-day relations with his fellows, if this is the infallible criterion by which we consciously or unconsciously test the veracity of other men whom we meet in a business or social way, shall we apply, or expect others to apply to us, any other standard by which our truthfulness in the pulpit, on the platform or the stage may be measured? To do so would be to demand a paradox, requiring nature to be inconsistent with herself. And yet how many public readers, speakers, actors, vocalists, and, alas, even preachers there are whose vocal and pantomimic languages, either actively or silently, contradict their verbal utterances of some of God's most sacred truths! Notwithstanding this, many, especially among our ministers, are so irrational as to express the profoundest surprise and regret at the coldness and indifference of their audiences. It was one such preacher who anxiously inquired of the great Garrick why he could so profoundly impress his audiences with the thoughts of fiction, while he, the ordained minister in holy things, in giving utterance to the sublimest passages of God's own truth, so completely failed in impressing them with that truth. Garrick's answer was more significant than verbally correct. "I speak the language of fiction as if it were truth, while you thoughtlessly utter truth as if it were fiction." If we do not allow the faultiness of the language to obscure the great truth contained in this answer we shall recognize the following as a fair interpretation of the rebuke intended: "I, with all the earnestness of my soul, give expression to *imagined* conditions relating to man's joys or sorrows as a mortal being; while you, with all the indifference of a stoic, verbally state the *real* conditions relating to the infinitely more transporting joys and profounder sorrows which man as an immortal being experiences. Or, to put it more briefly: 'I truthfully speak the thoughts of fiction; while you untruthfully utter the thoughts contained in the Word of Truth'" Show me a minister who is not rebuked by this answer of that great master of histrionic art and I will show you a man who,

because of his truthfulness in rendering divinely inspired truths, never fails to impress those truths upon his congregation.

#### STAGINESS IN THE PULPIT.

But now I am confronted with another question, to which I shall hope to give a satisfactory answer. "Do you, then, recommend ministers to be stagey in their reading of Scripture from the pulpit?" By no means; and when we understand each other on this point you will see that I would have you take no such inference from the foregoing narrative. "Staginess" is a name given to certain forms of affectation which, in my opinion, are nearly, if not quite, as contemptible upon the stage itself as in the pulpit. No great actor was ever "stagey;" though, because of its fashionableness, many people now regard it as a necessary part of the actor's profession. It is no more this than the assuming of a certain sanctimonious pulpit tone is a necessary part of the minister's profession. Both are abominable, because both result primarily from straining for certain objective effects in voice or gesture. Actors who are stagey do not employ the vocal and pantomimic languages at all; for the primary and almost sole function of these is to reveal the present experience of the speaker. Their souls are as empty of any ennobling present experience as were the granaries of Canaan when Joseph's brethren came into Egypt to buy corn. They cannot give us corn for they haven't it; so instead, we, like the prodigal, accept their empty husks. They cannot reveal to us the experiences which belong to the passages they render, for they have no such experiences to reveal; so we, more patiently than wisely, allow them to taunt us with the most hollow and unsatisfying of all things abstract or concrete, viz., vocal and pantomimic display. Out upon such "artistic performances!" They are the worst counterfeits we know of in this world; and I should think it would be difficult for even *Danté* to conceive anything worse in that lower region which he so graphically describes.

#### PRESENT EXPERIENCE THE SOURCE OF ALL ART.

The first duty and aim of the great actor, as well as the great preacher, is to himself *experience* that to which he is giving

public expression. With such genuine experience *present during delivery* he can no more fail in being effective in his unconscious employment of the languages of experience than the little child whose merriment sparkles in rippling laughter, or whose grief crimsones the baby's cheeks and moistens its weeping eyes and dainty fingers. The best in all literature, whether that of Holy Writ or any other book, has been *born of experience*; and, hence, *must be experienced* before it can be effectively reproduced.

#### TRUTHFULNESS ON THE STAGE.

The truth expressed in Garrick's answer to the minister furnishes material for profitable reflection to all of us; for therein is found the secret of the attractiveness of that which many of us feel it our duty to indiscriminately denounce—the modern theatre. Let us, who prize religion and religious worship above everything else, no longer deceive ourselves. It is not the gorgeousness of dress, the elaborateness of stage fittings, or the splendor of realistic scenery; it is not the graceful attitudes or finished enunciation, that attract thinking men and women to our best theatres. These are mere outward embellishments which, of themselves, contain nothing to satisfy a cultivated mind. It surely cannot be to gratify any sensuous desire that some of our best people occasionally visit the theatre, for the masters they go to hear present nothing which, in the remotest way, ministers to that. Let us no longer try to cover up our own laziness in failing to assimilate and experience over again while rendering the sublimest thoughts of God's truth, comforting ourselves with such absurd reasoning as the foregoing. Such things are doubtless among the chief attractions in at least nine-tenths of the theatrical performances given in Toronto or any other city; and, for the most part, they attract only those who crave and are satisfied with such things. The fact that a large majority of the theatres and theatre-goers are of this class is one which all lovers of morality, as well as of Christianity, must deplore. But, because we have solved one problem—*i.e.*, ascertained the secret of the influence of sensuous actors upon their sensuous auditors—it by no means follows that



we have solved the no less important problem relating to such masters as Irving or Willard, the influence of whose acting is to increase our admiration for the true, the beautiful, and the good, and intensify our hatred for that which is false and impure. The secret of their power to do this is in none of the things I have mentioned. If we are honest and have heard them, we must acknowledge they have this power solely because they have prepared themselves to express truthfully the grandest thoughts of some of the grandest minds. Who ever thought of calling such actors as these "stagey?" None but those who would also accuse such preachers as Spurgeon and Beecher of having the "*ministerial tone*."

#### THE PREACHER AND ACTOR.

One evening while Beecher was in London he attended Mr. Irving's theatre. The great actor was much gratified to learn of Mr. Beecher's presence in his audience; and on the following Sunday he, in company with Ellen Terry, went to hear the distinguished preacher. While, with matchless eloquence and fearless earnestness, Mr. Beecher thrilled that great mass of people, inspiring them God-ward with his most loving presentation of the Gospel of an infinitely loving Saviour, Mr. Irving and his star colleague were spell-bound. They had heard him as a preacher without a peer. But when, with that vividness of description and intense sympathy which could only arise from present realization of the scene described and the most endearing personal attachment to the Divine Hero, this greatest of all pulpit orators showed our Saviour, in a moment, transforming the angry surface of a heaving, turbulent sea into a calm, majestic mirror, even Mr. Irving had to acknowledge himself his inferior as an actor; for when Mr. Beecher had completed his climax with the Saviour's imperishable words, "Peace, be still!" he turned to Ellen Terry and exclaimed: "I would give all I am worth to be able to produce a scene equal to that." At the close of the service he went forward and introduced Miss Terry and himself to the preacher, at the same time complimenting the latter with the remark, "That was the best acting I ever heard in the pulpit." Mr. Beecher, in thanking

him, replied, "Well, Mr. Irving, yours was the best preaching I ever heard on the stage."

None but a preacher can be a great actor, and none but an actor can be a great preacher. That is to say, the motive of the preacher is indispensable to the actor, and the instinct of the actor is essential to the preacher.

#### TRUTHFULNESS ON THE PLATFORM AND IN THE PULPIT.

But we do not have to look to the stage alone for examples of truthfulness in expression. Was it ingenuity of oratorical plan, magnificence of presence, perfection of rhetoric, or unanswerable logic which gave such potency to the oratory of a Cicero, a Cromwell, or a Gladstone? Add to all these and many more equally desirable qualities the superlative importance of their theme, and have we accounted for the ennobling, inspiring influence of a Whitfield, a Knox, a Brooks, a Spurgeon, or a Beecher? By no means. Their oratory was made to influence temporally or eternally the destiny of multitudes and even of nations, because that which they spoke came from the profoundest depths of present, personal experience. It was but the unfolding of themselves, intellectually, emotionally and volitionally, through the three corresponding languages or means of expression. Each orator gave an enthusiastic and unanimous vote in favor of his own statements; or, in other and more concise language, he spoke what he believed to be true, truthfully.

#### TRUTHFULNESS IN BIBLE AND HYMN READING, ETC.

But it is the application of these truths to Bible and hymn reading, congregational singing and the reading and responses in our church services that I wish especially to emphasize in this article. We who form a part of the great dissenting, non-ritualistic Church sometimes flatter ourselves on our freedom from formality—which is another name for untruthfulness—in religious service. Before arrogating to ourselves any such superiority over the ritualists it would be well for us to consider the question, "In what does formality consist?" for there is great danger, I believe, in our *confounding uni-*

*formity with formality.* The terms are by no means synonymous or even similar in meaning. There may be perfect uniformity in every service; the congregation may rigidly follow a regularly prescribed course of services year in and year out; the very words in the prayers and responses to be used in the services of December 30th, being quite familiar to pastor and congregation on the first day of the preceding January; and yet, if each member of that company invariably expresses those thoughts truthfully—*i.e.*, as his present living experience—there will be absolutely no formality. On the other hand, there may be an utter absence of uniformity or even regularity in the service; the pastor himself may follow no particular plan; and everything done throughout may be a surprise to the congregation because of its novelty; but if the pastor and congregation are not truthfully singing, truthfully speaking, and truthfully reading those thoughts, they are at best formal, which is a mild way of saying they are hypocritical in their service. There is, no doubt, a tendency to formality in too great uniformity or regularity in our forms of worship; but, to my mind, it is less an evil than too much dissipation for the sake of novelty.

#### A FALSE ADAGE.

The old adage, "Familiarity breeds contempt," is very misleading. It is not even a half-truth; and so far as our familiarity with ennobling thought is concerned, it is ridiculously false. We cannot become too familiar with thoughts that are worthy of our assimilation. On the contrary, the more intimately we become acquainted with them and experience their full meaning the more thoroughly they are appreciated by us. As applied to these, *familiarity begets love*, is infinitely more true of experience. And so far as the expression of ennobling thought is concerned, there is absolutely no other way by which we can become truthful or effective.

#### NATURE'S LAW OF UNITY OBEYED ON THE STAGE, DISOBEYED IN MANY RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

Consistent nature abhors nothing more than inconsistency, and invariably punishes it no matter where found. It is the

recognition of this inscrutable law which leads the true dramatic artist to insist upon consistency in everything pertaining to the stage as well as in the acting of those who support him. His is the grand controlling purpose which dominates the performance throughout. Everything is made subservient to the accomplishment of this purpose. Hence, when the play is over and the impression upon the audience is what he willed it should be, he has but demonstrated the truth of another natural law, the counterpart of the one already given, that *nature invariably rewards consistency*. This law of unity, which requires each part to be consistent and co-operative with all other parts, is so apparent in nature that it would be superfluous to verbally record it upon any tables of stone. It is woven into the fibre of every leaf and is an integral principle in the constitution of the universe. It governs all nature and controls all art. Shall the ministers of the Gospel, who may be and should be artists in the highest sense, shall these, by the sublime influence of whose art the eternal destiny of the race is so largely determined, shall they who have received their commission and message from the very God who established this law, be less wise—yes, *less obedient*—than their brother artists, whose primary aim is but to minister to man's enjoyment in time? And yet, are we not forced to admit that many, perhaps the majority, of our ministers, even of those who speak truthfully throughout their sermons, almost invariably contradict themselves in the reading of the hymns and Scripture lessons? It would certainly be too much to expect the members of the congregation to be in advance of their leaders in this matter; and with shame we have to confess there are few congregations, indeed, few individuals among us, who are not formal, and consequently hypocritical, in our singing and responsive reading of those inspiring psalms and hymns. Thus inconsistent elements are introduced; the law of unity or consistency has been broken; and the whole service is materially marred; if, indeed, the good influence of the truthful parts has not been wholly nullified. Oh, with what deep contrition and earnestness of soul we should cry out in the language of the Prayer Book, "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this

law' of consistency, especially while we thus outwardly worship thee!"

#### NO NEUTRALITY.

Here again there can be no neutrality. Each part of the service is either positive or negative in its influence upon the whole. That which does not substantiate or enforce the central purpose in the service inevitably contradicts or weakens it.

#### FASHIONABLENESS OF FORMALITY.

The most alarming fact which promoters of spirituality in religious service have to face is the present fashionableness of formality in public worship. The very extent of the evil we so feebly deplore has a most blinding influence upon us. We do not, we cannot, realize the extreme dreadfulness of this widespread formality so long as it is so widespread that we are, all of us, in a measure, its victims. So awfully true is this that some of the most truthful speakers I know of among our ministers have confessed to me that they

#### HAVEN'T TIME TO BECOME TRUTHFUL

in their public reading of God's word. So much is expected of them in the pulpit and out of it that they cannot give sufficient preparation to the hymns, the Scripture lesson, or the Litany to enable them to read these truthfully. What a lamentable condition of things when even ministers of the Gospel, not only thus excuse, but justify themselves in inconsistency, claiming that the extent of their work prevents thoroughness, and the demand for variety prevents truthfulness. If any of us are thus tempted or have yielded to such temptations, let us now ask ourselves the following questions: "Whom do we primarily serve—man, or God? Does our Master require us to sacrifice thoroughness to extent of work, or truthfulness to variety in public worship?" "That which is worth doing, is worth doing well," should come to us with superlative force here because the work to be done is of such superlative importance. Better no reading of the hymn or Scripture lesson; better no singing, confession or responses by the congregation;

better no invocation, exhortation or intercession by the clergyman, than that which is formal or untruthful.

#### OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

Is it not an overwhelming thought that those of us who participate in public worship, whether as pastor or individuals in the congregation, are inevitably becoming, and leading others to become, more familiar, either with the letter of truth merely, or with its spirit? We are either breeding in ourselves and others a contempt for that truth or begetting in them and us a profounder love for it. We are either becoming more established in formalism and hypocrisy or developing greater truthfulness and sincerity. What a responsibility! Let us meet it like brave and honest men and women who possess a God-given admiration for truthfulness and sincerity, and a divine contempt for all that is hypocritical and false. If, in the past, we have sacrificed truthfulness to variety, let us in the future, if necessary, sacrifice variety to truthfulness, remembering that the Great Author of the law of consistency never excuses inconsistency, the doing of any evil, or the neglecting of any duty in order that some fancied good may come.

#### SERVANTS OF GOD AND FISHERS OF MEN.

"But," you will say, "while it is true we are servants of God, it is equally true we are fishers of men. And, if we are to attract men to the Gospel, we must make our services attractive to them. This cannot be done without considerable variety in these services." I grant this. The craving for novelty is becoming more and more abnormal amongst us. A gratified taste develops keener appetite; and this general craving for novelty in religious exercises is *prima facie* evidence that ministers, choir-leaders, and others have been dispensing novelties.

#### TRUTHFULNESS ATTRACTIVE.

But are we sure that men, even to-day, are attracted more by variety than by truthfulness? On the contrary, is it not undeniably true that everywhere and in all ages men have



loved what they believed to be true and have been attracted by truthfulness? Show me a speaker who is truthful, even in proclaiming false doctrines, and I will show you a speaker who is more attractive to the masses than one who, though teaching the grandest truths, does so in an indifferent or purely intellectual way. The speaker inevitably reveals *his present estimate* of the value of that which he is communicating. And thus it is that some of the most effective speakers in the world to-day are men who are proclaiming what we believe to be false. So far as our influence while speaking is concerned, truthfulness is of more importance than truth. Alas! how often has the truth been obscured or made repulsive to others by untruthful expression! No matter how clear our understanding or complete our intellectual possession of a truth, unless we have *experienced* it, and *do now experience while telling it*, our *present estimate* of its value is altogether too low to render it attractive to others.

#### TRUTHFULNESS BEGETS VARIETY.

There is, as Emerson says, a natural and unnatural way of doing everything. Then, if variety in religious service is what we seek, there is only one natural way of getting it—get its cause, which is truthfulness. There never was and never can be monotony in truthful expression of thought. With truthfulness present there may be as much variety in the expression of a single sentence as in a chapter that is read for the sake of variety. When truthful, the whole being is thoroughly alive to the ever varying thoughts, feelings and purposes to be expressed. These are the causes of expression. How could there be monotony in effects with so much variety in causes?

#### THE UNTRUTHFUL READER.

That was a great teacher who said, "You must enjoin the truth upon yourself and upon other men." Whenever the Scriptures are read without being first enjoined upon the reader, whenever they are read as an intellectual lesson merely, or as a necessary part of the formal programme of service, they at best result in familiarity with the letter only, and such

familiarity breeds contempt. This contempt is frequently expressed in such comments as the following: "The minister talks very eloquently and sometimes very earnestly *about the truth*; but when he comes to give us the truth itself he doesn't seem to mean it"—which is another way of saying, *he lies*.

#### THE TRUTHFUL READER.

On the other hand, when the minister, rightly regarding the Bible reading as the most important part of the Church service, affording, as it does, the most *direct means* of enjoining that truth upon his congregation, unmistakably reveals that it has already been and is now being enjoined upon himself; that he is even now communing with God and feasting upon his truth; then he must impart the *spirit* of that truth to others, their familiarity with which will surely beget in them a greater love for that truth, resulting in such comments as the following: "Our minister may not be as eloquent or scholarly as some in his sermons; but, I tell you, I would rather hear him read that chapter than twenty common sermons. Every verse contained a sermon for me; and beside that, the minister, when he read it, seemed to know just what he was talking about. He had tried the whole thing himself and was recommending us to do the same. There must be something in that truth for me when it can produce such good results in him." Is there a man so ignorant, or with his emotional nature so dwarfed, who, because the minister in such a truthful reading employs the natural languages of experience, would call such reading "stagey?" In such readings and comments as the foregoing we have but verifications of the truth contained in the inspired word itself—" *The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life*."

And now, dear reader, I have given you that which is the outgrowth of many blundering experiences while attempting to teach Bible and hymn reading. If these experiences have led me to more clearly understand and firmly grasp certain fundamental truths relating to delivery, thereby enabling me to so state them that they are more definitely recognized and appreciated by you, I shall be devoutly thankful to the Great

Source from whom I have obtained all that is most valuable in this article. In my treatment of this important subject I rejoice that I have not exhausted it; indeed, almost every topic presented contains sufficient material for an extended chapter. However, I trust that in this article you will get a glimmer of a great truth that you had not before, and that very much more may be suggested to you than I have had time or space to write.

May He who is the author of all truth, and who, as our Saviour, is the embodiment of truthfulness; may He who "cannot look upon sin," but frowns upon inconsistency, whether in the criminal at the bar, the orator upon the platform, the actor upon the stage, the soloist in the choir, or the minister in the pulpit, so impress these vital principles upon our minds and consciences that we, realizing the responsibilities under which we are individually placed, may now resolve that hereafter we will be truthful—truthful in social life, truthful in business life, truthful upon the platform, truthful in speaking, truthful in singing; and, above all, *truthful in reading the "Truth."*

## PART II.

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### BATTLE OF INKERMEN.

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SEBASTOPOL lay clouded in thick November gloom ;  
 And thro' the midnight silence the guns had ceased to boom.  
 The sentinel, outworn, in watching for the morn,  
 From Balaclava's heights beheld the Russian lights  
     In the close beleaguered fortress far adown ;  
 And heard a sound of bells wafted upward thro' the dells,  
     And a noise of mingling voices and of anthems from the town.

They prayed the God of Justice to aid them in the wrong.  
 They consecrated murder with jubilee and song.  
 To the slain the joys of Heaven ; to the living sins forgiven,—  
 Were the promises divine that were passed along the line, .  
     As they gathered in their myriads ere the dawn :  
 While their priests in full accord chanted glory to the Lord,  
     And blessed the Russian banner and the sword for battle drawn.

Stealthily and darkly, amid the rain and sleet,  
 No trumpet call resounding, nor drum's tempestuous beat ;  
 But shadow-like and slow came the legions of the foe,  
 Moving dimly up the steep where the British camp, asleep,  
     Lay unconscious of the danger lurking near ;  
 And the soldiers breathing hard on the cold and sodden sward,  
     Dreamed of victory and glory, or of home and England dear.

Hark ! Heard ye not the rumbling on the misty, morning air,  
 Like the rush of rising tempests when they shake the forest bare ?  
 The outposts on the hill hear it close and closer still.  
 'Tis the tramp of iron heels ; 'tis the crash of cannon wheels :  
     And "To arms ! To arms ! To arms !" is the cry.  
 " 'Tis the Russians on our flank ! Up and arm each British rank !  
     And meet them, gallant guardsmen, to conquer or to die."

Then rose the loud alarm with a hurricane of sound,  
 And from short, uneasy slumber sprang each hero from the ground ;  
 Sprang each horseman to his steed, ready saddled for his need ;

Sprang each soldier to his place, with a stern, determined face ;  
 While the rousing drum and bugle echoed far.  
 And the crack of rifles rung, and the cannon found a tongue,  
 And down upon them bursting came the avalanche of war.

Thro' the cold and foggy darkness spread the rocket's fiery breath,  
 And the light of rapid volleys in a haze of living death.  
 But each English heart that day throbbed impetuous for the fray ;  
 And our hosts, undaunted, stood beating back the raging flood  
 That came pouring from the valley like a sea ;  
 Casting havoc on the shore with a dull and sullen roar,  
 The thunder-cloud above it, and the lightning flashing free.

On the darkness grew the daylight, 'mid the loud, incessant peal ;  
 On the daylight followed noon-tide, and they struggled steel to steel.  
 O ye gallant souls and true ! O ye great immortal few !  
 On your banner bright, unfurled, shone the freedom of the world ;  
 In your keeping lay the safety of the lands ;  
 Lay the splendor of our name ; lay our glory and our fame :  
 And ye held and raised them all in your dauntless hearts and hands !

For a moment, and one only, seemed the Russians to prevail.  
 O brave eight thousand heroes ! Ye shall conquer ! They shall fail !  
 They can face you if they must, but they fly your bayonet thrust.  
 And, hark ! the ringing cheer that proclaims the French are near,  
 Is heard above the raging battle din !  
 Giving courage to the brave—striking terror to the slave,—  
 A signal and an omen of the victory to win.

Break forth, thou storm of battle, with a new and wild uproar !  
 Beam out, thou flag of England, with thy sister tri-color !  
 For, fighting side by side, one in spirit, heart allied—  
 In the cause of truth combined for the freedom of mankind—  
 France and England show the world what may be done.  
 And their star of glory burns, and the tide of battle turns ;  
 And the beaten Russians fly, and the victory is won.

And as long as France and England shall give birth to manlike men,  
 Their deeds shall be remembered should the battle burst again.  
 And to actions as sublime shall inspire each future time.  
 And when war's alarm shall cease, and the nations live in peace,  
 Safe from tyranny, its murder and its ban,  
 Let us tell with generous pride, how our heroes fought and died,  
 And saved a threatened world on the heights of Inkerman.

—CHAS. MCKAY, LL.D.

## MONT BLANC BEFORE SUNRISE.

## I.

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning-star  
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause  
 On thy bald awful head, O sovereign Blanc!  
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base  
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful Form!  
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,  
 How silently! Around thee and above,  
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,  
 An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it,  
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,  
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,  
 Thy habitation from eternity.

## II.

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,  
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,  
 Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer  
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.  
 Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,  
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,  
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,  
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;  
 Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,  
 Into the mighty vision passing—there  
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven.

## III.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise  
 Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,  
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy. Awake,  
 Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake;  
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my Hymn!

## IV.

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the Vale!  
 O struggling with the darkness all the night,  
 And visited all night by troops of stars,  
 Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:  
 Companion of the morning-star at dawn,  
 Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn  
 Co-herald: wake, O wake, and utter praise!  
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?  
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?  
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?



## V.

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !  
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,  
 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,  
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged Rocks  
 Forever shattered and the same forever ?  
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,  
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,  
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?  
 And who commanded—and the silence came—  
 “ Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ? ”

## VI.

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow  
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain--  
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,  
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !  
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !  
 Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven  
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun  
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers  
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?—

## VII.

“ God ! ” let the torrents, like a shout of nations,  
 Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, “ God ! ”  
 “ God ! ” sing ye meadow-streams, with glad voice !  
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds !  
 And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,  
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, “ God ! ”

## VIII.

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !  
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !  
 Ye eagles, play-mates of the mountain-storm !  
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !  
 Ye signs and wonders of the elements !  
 Utter forth “ God,” and fill the hills with praise !

## IX.

Thou too, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-pointing peaks,  
 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,  
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene  
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—  
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain ! thou  
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low  
 In adoration, upward from thy base  
 Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,

Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,  
 To rise before me,—Rise, oh, ever rise,  
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the Earth !  
 Thou kingly Spirit, throned among the hills,  
 Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,  
 Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,  
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,  
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

—S. T. COLERIDGE—

## SONG OF THE MYSTIC.

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### I.

I WALK down the valley of silence—  
 Down the dim, voiceless valley—alone ;  
 And I hear not the fall of a footstep  
 Around me, save God's and my own ;  
 And the hush of my heart is as holy  
 As hours when angels have flown.

### II.

Long ago was I weary of voices,  
 Whose music my heart could not win ;  
 Long ago, was I weary of noises,  
 That fretted my soul with their din ;  
 Long ago was I weary of places  
 Where I met but the human,—and sin.

### III.

I walked through the world with the worldly,  
 I craved what the world never gave,  
 And I said, " In the world each ideal,  
 That shines like a star on life's wave,  
 Is tossed on the shore of the real,  
 And sleeps like a dream in the grave."

### IV.

And still did I pine for the perfect,  
 And still found the false with the true ;  
 I sought not the human for heaven,  
 But caught a mere glimpse of the blue ;  
 And I wept when the clouds of the mortal  
 Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

## V.

And I toiled on, heart-tired of the human,  
 And I mourned not the mazes of men,  
 Till I knelt long ago at an altar,  
 And heard a voice call me ; since then  
 I walk down the valley in silence  
 That lies far beyond mortal ken.

## VI.

Do you ask what I found in the valley ?  
 'Tis my trysting-place with the Divine ;  
 And I fell at the feet of the Holy,  
 And above me a voice said, " Be mine."  
 Then rose from the depths of my spirit  
 An echo, " My heart shall be thine."

## VII.

Do you ask how I live in the valley ?  
 I weep, and I dream and I pray ;  
 But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops  
 That fall on the roses of May ;  
 And my prayer, like a perfume from censers,  
 Ascendeth to God night and day.

## VIII.

In the hush of the valley of silence,  
 I dream all the songs that I sing ;  
 And the music floats down the dim valley,  
 Till each finds a word for a wing,  
 That to men, like the dove of the deluge,  
 The message of peace they may bring.

## IX.

But far on the deep there are billows  
 That never shall break on the beach,  
 And I have heard songs in the silence  
 That never shall float into speech,  
 And I have had dreams in the valley  
 Too lofty for language to reach.

## X.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley,—  
 Ah, me ! how my spirit was stirred !  
 And they wore holy veils on their faces,  
 Their footsteps can scarcely be heard ;  
 They pass through the valley like virgins,  
 Too pure for the touch of a word.

## XI.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,  
 Ye hearts that are harrowed by care ?  
 It lieth afar between mountains,  
 And God and His angels are there ;  
 And one is the dark mount of sorrow,  
 And one the bright mountain of prayer.

—FATHER A. J. RYAN.

## THE BELLS.

## I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—  
 Silver bells !  
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells !  
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,  
 In the icy air of night !  
 While the stars that oversprinkle  
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle  
 With a crystalline delight ;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells  
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells—  
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

## II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—  
 Golden bells !  
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !  
 Through the balmy air of night  
 How they ring out their delight !  
 From the molten-golden notes,  
 And all in tune,  
 What a liquid ditty floats  
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats  
 On the moon !  
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,  
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !  
 How it swells !  
 How it dwells

On the future ! how it tells  
 Of the rapture that impels  
 To the swinging and the ringing  
 Of the bells, bells, bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells—  
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

## III.

Hear the loud alarm bells—  
 Brazen bells !  
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !  
 In the startled ear of night  
 How they scream out their affright !  
 Too much horrified to speak,  
 They can only shriek, shriek,  
 Out of tune,  
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire  
 In a mad expostulation with a deaf and frantic fire  
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
 With a desperate desire,  
 And a resolute endeavor  
 Now—now to sit or never,  
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells !  
 What a tale their terror tells  
 Of despair !  
 How they clang, and clash, and roar !  
 What a horror they outpour  
 On the bosom of the palpitating air !  
 Yet the ear it fully knows,  
 By the twanging,  
 And the clanging,  
 How the danger ebbs and flows :  
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
 In the jangling,  
 And the wrangling,  
 How the danger sinks and swells,  
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—  
 Of the bells—  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 Bells, bells, bells—  
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells !

## IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—  
 Iron bells !  
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !  
 In the silence of the night,  
 How we shiver with affright,  
 At the melancholy menace of their tone !  
 For every sound that floats  
 From the rust within their throats  
 Is a groan.  
 And the people—ah, the people—  
 They that dwell up in the steeple,  
 All alone,  
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
 In that muffled monotone,  
 Feel a glory in so rolling  
 On the human heart a stone.  
 They are neither man nor woman—  
 They are neither brute nor human—  
 They are Ghouls :  
 And their king it is who tolls ;  
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,  
 Rolls,  
 A paean from the bells !  
 And his merry bosom swells  
 With the paean of the bells  
 And he dances, and he yells ;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the paean of the bells—  
 Of the bells :  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,  
 To the throbbing of the bells—  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
 To the sobbing of the bells ;  
 Keeping time, time, time,  
 As he knells, knells, knells,  
 In a happy Runic rhyme,  
 To the rolling of the bells—  
 Of the bells, bells, bells—  
 To the tolling of the bells,  
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—  
 Bells, bells, bells—  
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

—EDGAR A. POE.



## A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

## I.

Is there, for honest poverty,  
 That hangs his head, and a' that ?  
 The coward slave, we pass him by,  
 And dare be poor for a' that !  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Our toils obscure, and a' that ;  
 The rank is but the guinea-stamp,  
 The man's the gowd for a' that !

## II.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
 Wear hodden gray, and a' that ;  
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
 A man's a man for a' that !  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their tinsel show, and a' that ;  
 The honest man, though ne'er sae puir,  
 Is king o' men for a' that.

## III.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
 Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;  
 Though hundreds worship at his word,  
 He's but a coof for a' that :  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 His riband, star, and a' that ;  
 The man of independent mind,  
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

## IV.

A king can mak a belted knight,  
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;  
 But an honest man's aboon his might,  
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that !  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 Their dignities, and a' that,  
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
 Are higher rank than a' that.

## V.

Then let us pray that come it may—  
 As come it will for a' that—  
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
 May bear the gree, and a' that ;  
 For a' that, and a' that,  
 It's coming yet for a' that,  
 When man to man, the world o'er,  
 Shall brothers be for a' that !

—ROBERT BURNS.

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 THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.
 

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## I.

HALF a league, half a league,  
 Half a league onward,  
 All in the valley of Death  
 Rode the six hundred.  
 " Forward, the Light Brigade !  
 Charge for the guns ! " he said :  
 Into the valley of Death  
 Rode the six hundred.

## II.

" Forward, the Light Brigade ! "  
 Was there a man dismay'd ?  
 Not tho' the soldier knew  
 Some one had blunder'd :  
 Their's not to make reply,  
 Their's not to reason why,  
 Their's but to do and die :  
 Into the valley of Death  
 Rode the six hundred.

## III.

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon in front of them  
 Volley'd and thunder'd,  
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
 Boldly they rode and well,  
 Into the jaws of Death,  
 Into the mouth of Hell  
 Rode the six hundred.

## IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air  
Sabring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while

All the world wonder'd :  
Plunged in the battery-smoke,  
Right thro' the line they broke :  
Cossack and Russian  
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke,  
Shatter'd and sunder'd.  
Then they rode back, but not—  
Not the six hundred.

## V.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them

Volley'd and thunder'd ;  
Storm'd at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well  
Came thro' the jaws of Death,  
Back from the mouth of Hell,  
All that was left of them—  
Left of six hundred.

## VI.

When can their glory fade ?  
O the wild charge they made !

All the world wonder'd.  
Honor the charge they made !  
Honor the Light Brigade,  
Noble six hundred !

—TENNYSON.

## THIS CANADA OF OURS.

## A NATIONAL SONG.

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(By kind permission.)

---

LET other tongues in older lands  
 Loud vaunt their claims to glory,  
 And chant in triumph of the past,  
 Content to live in story.  
 Tho' boasting no baronial halls,  
 Nor ivy-crested towers,  
 What past can match her glorious youth,  
 This Canada of ours ?

We love those far-off ocean Isles,  
 Where Britain's monarch reigns ;  
 We'll ne'er forget the good old blood  
 That courses through our veins ;  
 Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name,  
 And haughty Albion's powers,  
 Reflect that matchless lustre on  
 This Canada of ours.

May our Dominion flourish then,  
 A goodly land and free,  
 Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,  
 Hold sway from sea to sea ;  
 Strong arms shall guard our cherished homes,  
 When darkest danger lowers,  
 And with our life-blood we'll defend  
 This Canada of ours.

-Edgar.